



THE BOY M O

A LOCAL ZINE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS!

HOMOB0Y #1

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+

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Michael Crawford

homoboy is an attempt
to end the boredom
and this and that
of the Houston queer scene
this is our 1st issue
If u would like to
contribute
call 713
561 0764



zine

of people, arts,

and culture

for lesbians

and gay men.

**END THE POLICIES OF
G E N O C I D E
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE**

today i stood in protest and chanted

in front of a pharmaceutical building
in Washington DC. we chanted AIDS

CURE NOW! in anger because these people
are making money from inflated drug
prices for drugs that treat infected
people. now that i have the virus i

have a new perspective of the
frustration many in the ranks must
have always felt. now tears come for
the first time. i feel compassion for
those of us here in battle and for
the many here in spirit; too weak
to continue the fight or killed long
ago. i joined this battle a few years

ago for the loved ones i lost, in anger,
now it is my personal battle. healthcare
killers have to go! we march and chant :
ACT UP FIGHT BACK! chanting PEOPLE WITH
AIDS UNDER ATTACK, WHAT DO WE DO? ACT
UP. FIGHT BACK! and we repeat...ACT UP
FIGHT BACK! and for how long will

this battle go on? 13 years more?
every 90 seconds the list grows.
today in Washington DC i stand next
to my best friend, Michael Crawford,
a vigilante crusader for this cause;
strong, courageous, intelligent, and
determined. i watch fellow ACT UP
members draw chalk outlines of each
others bodies on the sidewalk in front
of this building. one of the boys quickl
inscribes the names of 3 people who
have died in the war within the chalk
bordered body. i cried today because i
wonder how long it will be before
Michael will be chalking my name in
these ghostly sidewalk tombstones
to remind the healthcare assassins
that once i had hope in my lifetime
there would be a cure but, "THE TIME
THEY KILLED KILLED ME!"



**A
I
D
S**

CURE

NOW



Original Untitled Story

It's morning and I must bite the sleeping man.

I'm about to discover the way he wakes up with a new lover for the first time, the way he wakes up with me nibbling on his back. Soon I will know his back, its bumps and freckles and shadows better than he does. I see a scar just above his right kidney. Pink and raised, it carries the history of a permanent injury I know nothing about. I see the line where his jaw blocked the sun on some journey and some dark moles like the ones they warn about in pamphlets about cancer. Just above his rib there's a sharp and tender bald patch of skin, immune to his blanket of transparent hairs. Where his waistline sinks he has colorless bumps, an allergy, an organic reaction to some anonymous substance. Three of his freckles form a triangle and if I had a pen I'd connect the dots into a forget on that precious spot of skin, just beneath his left shoulder blade. But because this vulnerable place quivers with my slightest touch I refrain from sinking my teeth into the delicate moment. For now.

But suppose when I bite, he remains private, inaccessible, oblivious through deep sleep, immersed in a dream about walking unscathed alone two of the Southwest freeway among stampeding quail. Into his blissful stroll through the fall and spotted, he sinks deeper, into, lets out a moan, taking my precious chew for a pebble kicked up by a vegetation quadruped.

Or suppose when I bite, he keeps his lids jammed, shut and tries to remember if there's a street cleaning Monday where he parked his car. Suppose he's too sited but frantic, struggling to remember the identity of the man grazing on his back. Stricken with sporadic amnesia, he pines through the possibilities: the Hispanic stuntman from the party last week's his first crush, naked and dripping with sweat musing from the toddlers to the shower's, or the nameless, flitting boy of the demo last Saturday. Or me, this new and undesirable lover who tracked him for weeks, dropped him out for endless cups of coffee, sed smack in his lap, and now contemplates the taste of involvement

so early in the morning.

Suppose when I bite, his eyelids flutter. He thinks he has dreamed, forgets where he is, doesn't recognize the redwood backbone next to the bed. He snorts, fidgets, ignores my glowing loveliness, settles into silent irritation. After a while, he mumbles something mean, because my indulgent munch has startled him into waking. He panics, wonders what strange promises lurk in my head, fears that a precious part of him will die, that it's the wrong time for love and that searing is inevitable, an amputation every time. He retreats, I inspire me wanting to watch butterflies and buy him little presents, snuggle up for sympathy when I get the flu and say those words that make him want to crawl into a closet.

Or suppose this morning I'm considering my new lover sleeps and I don't bite or brood or think about loves from the past. I'm soothed by the gentle shifting of his breathing, content to snuggle here behind my arm, backed around his long, narrow waist. Suppose I get out of bed, open him the hated alarm, then wake him gently with the smell of morning brew. He's groggy and loquacious, hair sticking out all over, he pouts at the sad fate of getting out of bed. In the kitchen we snash and sip, pull our chairs together, kneel bumping.

But we will not have such a morning. I am not a noble, consider loves. I am not soothed, enchanted and content upon waking up next to this baroque of possibilities. I'm a knotted mess, and the man sleeps white. I suffer alone with the terror of biting off an indolent.

The alarm is about scream.

The bite has become a primal need, surpassing food, water, sleep and pride. It's monumental, essential to survival, the orologic crisis. Bite the man, I tell myself, take the chance. I run a practice chew on my tongue, jab back my lips in preparation for a tiny, sumptuous pinch of his freckled skin. He inhales. His ribs cage expand and that quivering place on his back moves a little closer. It will be easy and sweet, that small grasp of his flesh

between just four of my teeth.

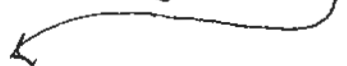
But when I open my mouth, he feels my warm breath on his back. Unable to wait any longer he rolls over, gazes at me. Enchanted, his eyes open wider. I am even more beautiful than he remembered. I know it, he says, pulling me closer, you were about to bite.

New I panic. What strange promises lurk in his head? A precious part of me will die; it's the wrong time for love; the searing is inevitable, an amputation every time; he'll want to watch butterflies and buy me little presents, snuggle up for sympathy when he gets the flu; he'll say those words that make me want to crawl into a closet.

It's the same possibility I hadn't entered. It's a hard swallow but the panic goes down. With bold, anchored and absolute terror, I sink my teeth right in.

Rent Boy?

... your ad
could go here,



**QUEERS
BASH BACK**

A QUEER NATION WARNING

**STOP
THE
VIOLENCE**

**STOP
THE
HATE**

A QUEER NA

ARNING

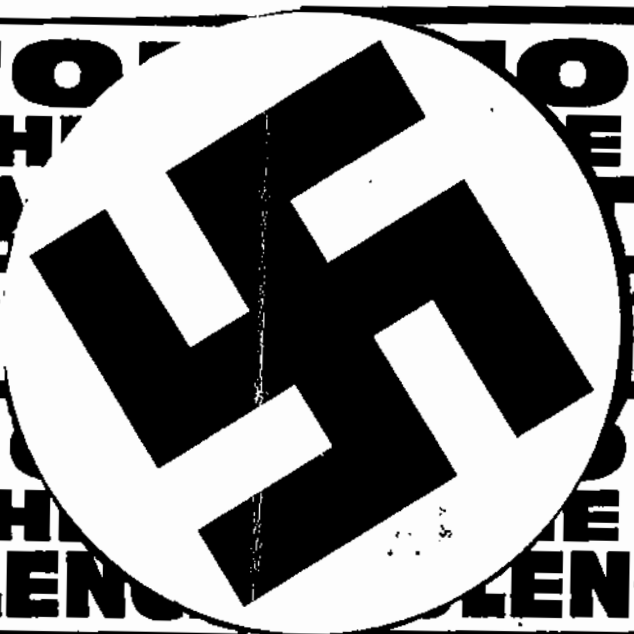
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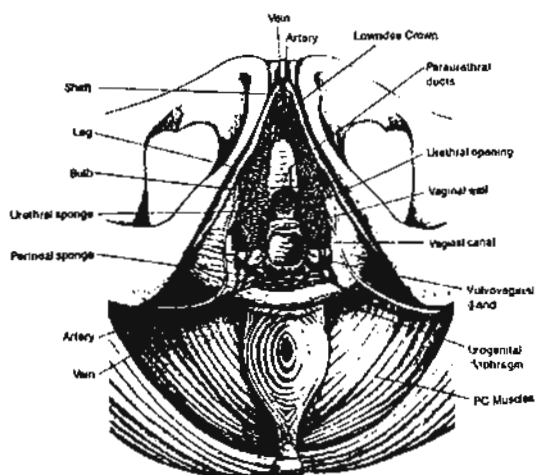


does anyone really queer
and not a fashion victim
really shop the hip hop
i only shop behind it.
hurray why didn't the
anyway place behind the
tired and bland houston
scene magazine give credit
to our own hom'boy
antonio f. now in london,
figures. this outfit is
more easily assembled by
thrifting at value village,
that's 19th in the heights
and harrisburg downtown.
other models not featured
or outted are wearing pseudo
l.a. looks better bought
second hand as well. of
course if your lazy or
clueless just go to
step back on montrose,
it all ends up there
soway or another.
but most importantly
work your look, get
of the jr.s, 80's
thing and stop
utopian soc

Photos: JAMES HEDDER
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DYKES

The Erectile Tissue of the Clitoris



**DO
IT
TOO**

No More Nice Girls